Driving Me Crazy by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

“You love this. Watching him. Gets your juices flowing,” Hopper says, like his own aren’t.
“You think you know something about my juices, huh?”
Hopper laughs brightly, “A bit, yeah.”
“A bit,” Steve concedes, “Daddy.”

Driving Me Crazy

Author's Note:

> Tumblr prompt fill for En's NSFW Fic Starters 36-"Your smell is driving me crazy" and 3-Threesome
>
> This request was for Harringrove + my choice, so you know it had to be my Daddy <3
>
> Unbeta'd, comments/kudos/con-crit most welcome!

The heat is absolutely unreal. The fans don't make a difference in the cabin, not really, just push around the hot, humid air. Everything is sweaty and soupy and unbearable. Billy wasn't going to let that get in the way of his routine, though. Told them as much.

Hopper begrudgingly moves the bench and rack out back, into the shade. Grumbles about it the entire time as Steve lounges back in a lawn chair, Ray Bans perched on his nose, cool beer in hand.

Hopper's shirt is damp by the time it's over and he strips it off, forgoes joining Billy at the bench in favor of joining Steve for a cold one. It's not unusual, for the two of them to sit back and watch. Billy loves showing off just as much as they enjoy appreciating the show of slick, golden muscles flexing and rippling as Billy works them. Steve licks his lips as Billy's hands curl around the barbell, as he unracks a plate and bangs out his warm-up.

Hopper chews on his lips as Billy breathes and braces, as his abs tense before he lowers the bar to his chest, as the air pushes past those pouty lips as he presses the weight back up. The bench is soaked when Billy re-racks the weight, sits up. Steve can make out the glistening lines of Billy's shoulders and back. Billy grins, throws them a saucy wink as he slides the 25s onto the bar.

Steve smirks as a cigarette materializes from somewhere behind Hopper's ear, as he lights up and takes a slow drag as Billy's moves into a working set. Hopper makes a sound, somewhere between a moan and a growl, as his fingers tense around the neck of the bottle.

Steve kicks his leg out, nudging Hopper's foot playfully. Hopper kicks back.

"I know that look," Hopper says, amused.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Steve replies with a shrug, very pointedly avoiding eye contact.

"You love this. Watching him. Gets your juices flowing," Hopper says, like his own aren't.

"You think you know something about my juices, huh?"

Hopper laughs brightly, "A bit, yeah."

"A bit," Steve concedes, "*Daddy*."

"Fuck." Steve takes another long pull from his beer, Hopper watching his throat work around the liquid. "You're a goddamn tease."

Steve pops off, sucks the beer off his bottom lip, "Only when 'm horny."

Hopper makes a warning sound, one that resonates deep within his chest. He drags his foot back over Steve's, putting a bit of weight behind it this time as Steve slumps low in his chair, knees parting wide. Hopper can see the way his cock is beginning to fill out and push at the flimsy fabric of his shorts.

Billy appears in front of them before Steve can so much as bat an eye, panting and dripping. Steve whines, cock giving a little kick as a bead of sweat runs down the column of Billy's throat. "Jesus, what's got you all worked up, huh?" One look at Hopper is all it takes to confirm that Hopper's fairing no better than Steve is. "Daddy?" he asks softly.

Hopper cups himself over his shorts as Steve's beer slips from his fingers, spilling all over the ground. Steve leans in, presses his nose to the damp skin just below Billy's navel, mouths at the top of his shorts.

"Ah, fuck!" Billy swears, batting at Steve's sunglasses, fingers tangling

in his hair.

“Just love watching you work, baby,” Hopper rumbles.

Billy moans as Steve tugs at the waistband of his grey cutoffs, snuffles his way down to the base of Billy’s cock. Steve’s breath feels agonizingly hot against his damp, sensitive skin. Steve whines on a sharp inhale. “God, you, *fuck*! Your smell is driving me crazy.”

Billy hears Hopper’s hand working his cock before he sees it, whimpers at the sight of Hopper’s big hand wrapped around his even bigger cock. Whimpers as Steve swallows him down without preamble. Billy’s cock swells quickly, fattening up on his tongue, Steve’s hips hitching on their own accord, sensitive cockhead dragging against the inside of his shorts.

Steve pulls off with a wet, desperate sound, lips wet and red, “You taste so fucking good. Wanna lick you all over.”

“Such a pretty little slut, sweetheart,” Hopper says and Billy knows he’s talking about Steve, but he shivers anyway. Steve slurps his way back down, eyes on Billy’s as Billy hits the back of his throat. “You gonna come for him, baby? He wants it so bad. Look at how good he’s taking your cock.”

Billy nods frantically, “Uh huh.”

“Show me, baby. Show Daddy.” Billy’s eyes fall shut, brows furrowing, throat cording, slick body taut as he fucks in and blows his load. Steve moans like a whore as he swallows and swallows until Billy has nothing left to give, and then keeps on sucking until the salty tang of sweat and come is replaced with skin.